

The
Lily of the Valleys.

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SALLIE WALKER STOCKARD.

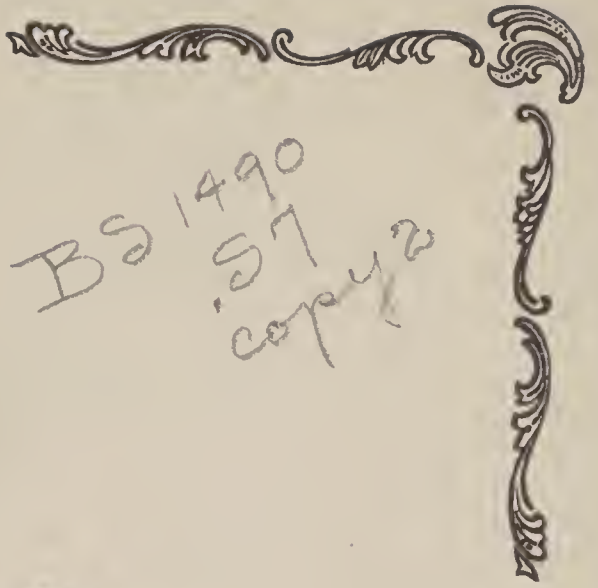


*The Lily
of the
Valleys.*



BY
SALLIE WALKER STOCKARD.





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To
Major Charles Manly Stedman,
Lawyer, Statesman, Gentleman,
Soldier, Scholar of the Confederacy,
Type of Southern Manhood.



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INTRODUCTION.

A certain critic has said: "The Song of Solomon has as much place in the Bible as a pig has in the parlor of a palace."

On the other hand, that pure and eminent servant of God, Dr. Wm. S. Plumer, in lecturing to a class in the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., said: "One hundred and fifty years ago one-third of the texts used by evangelical preachers were taken from the Song of Solomon."


Here is manifestly a wonderful difference of opinion.

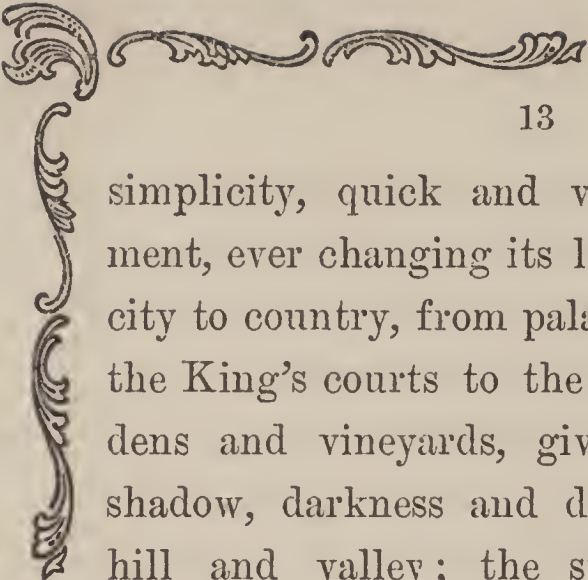
And it cannot wholly be accounted for by a difference in the moral state of the two classes of critics. It is evident that in forming the estimate, the second has taken into consideration some things which have been



wilfully or thoughtlessly omitted by the first. Among these are imperfect and even misrepresentative translations; and, also, essential differences between Oriental and Occidental modes of thought, feeling and expression.

Those whose breadth and depth of culture, whose consecrated and comprehensive scholarship, have enabled them to grasp the whole situation, with almost one voice pronounce the poem one of exceeding literary beauty. It is safe to say that its right to a place in the sacred canon was never less questioned by true evangelical scholarship than it is to-day. Its praise is spoken freely by the most eminent critics in both of the two leading schools of Biblical interpretation. Higher criticism and conservative lower criticism differ in many other things but they agree in pronouncing the Song of Solomon a literary gem; elevated in conception, exquisite in its



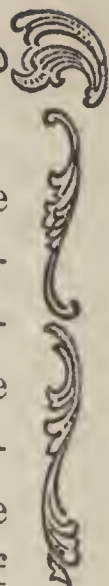
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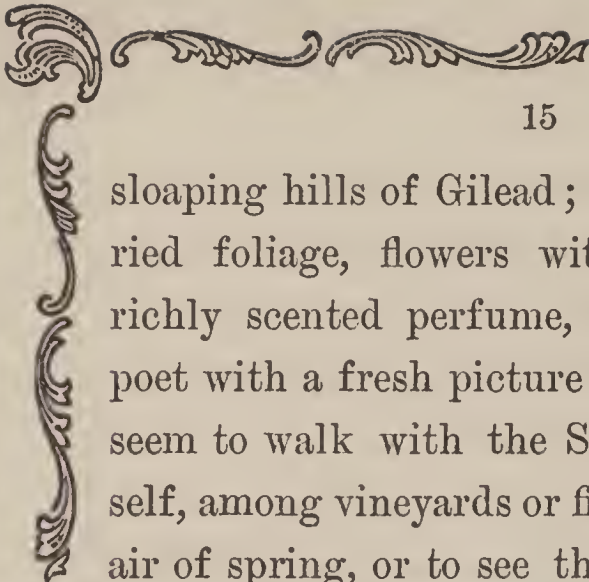
simplicity, quick and varied in its movement, ever changing its lovely pictures from city to country, from palace to cottage. from the King's courts to the peasants rural gardens and vineyards, giving us light and shadow, darkness and daybreak, mountain, hill and valley; the sun's clearness, the moon's fairness. I have been a life-long student of the Bible and I must confess that in my recent examination of the Song of Solomon I have been simply amazed to see what a number of pleasing and attractive objects, animate and inanimate, heavenly and earthly, this poem holds up before the mind for its admiring delight; fragrant ointment, the palace, the tent, the vineyard, the flock, the chariot, jewels of gold and of silver, the green sward, the cedar, the fir, the apple tree, the rose, the lily, the dove, the roe, the hind, spring-time flowers, the fig tree, singing birds,



vines, tender grapes, the mountain-slope, the mountain-top, the lion, the leopard, the fragrant spice, the garden, the fountain, the orchard in fruit, the mountain-stream, the night's dew-drops, the marble pillar, the army's banners, the monarch's purple, the palm-tree, the budding pomegranate, coals of fire and floods of water. The richness in exquisite metaphor will never be surpassed. Says the unsafe, but very scholarly, Canon Driver :

“The poetry of the Song is exquisite. The movement is graceful and light ; the imagery is beautiful, and singularly picturesque ; the author revels among the delights of the country ; one scene after another is brought before us—doves hiding in the clefts of the rocks, or resting beside the water-brooks, gazelles leaping over the mountains or feeding among the lilies, goats reclining on the






sloping hills of Gilead; trees with their varied foliage, flowers with bright hues or richly scented perfume, ever supplying the poet with a fresh picture or comparison; we seem to walk with the Shepherd lover himself, among vineyards or fig-trees in the balmy air of spring, or to see the fragrant, choicely furnished garden.”

But the last part of this quotation brings up the difficult question as to the true literary form of this composition and as to its correct interpretation.

In these merely introductory words it is not possible for me to enter upon any extended discussion of this question. The theories in detail are many. In general outline, they are three.

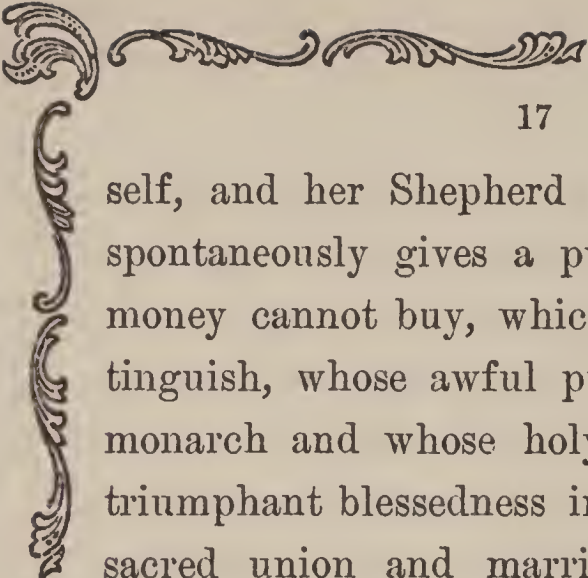
1. That the Song was never intended to have any such connection of parts or such progressing narrative as would give it the



unity of development which belongs to related fact or consistent fiction. The Song celebrates one general subject, but not in orderly sequence or with close connections. The style is thus Oriental.

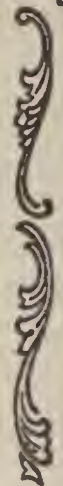

2. That the Song is dramatic, with two principal characters, Solomon and the Shulamite maiden who has become his bride. In this view the Song is interpreted as Messianic and falls into unity with those Psalms and those passages of the New Testament which employ holy married love to set forth the sacred affection between God and His people, Christ and His Church.

3. That the Song is dramatic or a Lyric Idyl, with THREE principal characters; Solomon in the days of his inferior glory or of degeneracy, a Shulamite maiden whom he has taken from her country home and is attempting to win to him-

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self, and her Shepherd lover to whom she spontaneously gives a pure affection which money cannot buy, which water cannot extinguish, whose awful purity over-awes the monarch and whose holy constancy has its triumphant blessedness in the final scene of sacred union and marriage. The Ethical value of the Song is its withering condemnation of unworthy love, its setting forth of purity as its own sufficient panoply, and its exhibition of genuine love as a flame of Heaven illuminating and glorifying the marriage of one man and one woman.

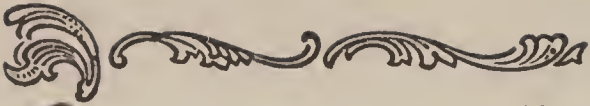
Which of these three views is correct, I for one cannot dogmatically assert. I incline to the first, feeling the force of what I quote from Dr. John C. Davis, Professor of Semitic Philology and Old Testament History in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., who, in his Bible Dictionary (1898), says :



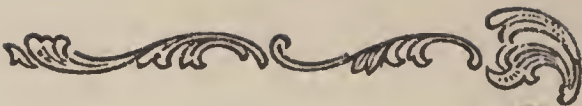
“The Song does not naturally conform to the rules of dramatic unity. A regular plot is not yielded by the poem itself. A consecutive narrative can be made out only by supplying connecting links of which the poem itself knows nothing. Indeed the several parts have been made to tell very different continuous tales according as interpreters have supplied this connecting link.”

Miss Stockard has adopted the third of these theories. I now offer a few simple explanatory statements as to her object in publishing this booklet, followed by some words introducing herself.

The literature of the Old Testament is to many minds of almost fascinating interest. Even before Miss Stockard had given any especial study to this Song, in her own private reading she had discovered its susceptibility of being cast into dramatic form. It

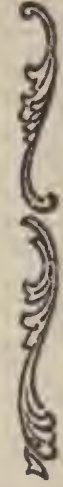


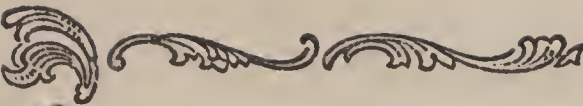
required but little examination for her to ascertain that this thought of hers was no "new thing under the sun." She therefore makes no claim to originality either as to the dramatic cast of this little book or as to all passages serving as links of connection between the different parts, much less to translation from the original Hebrew. She has simply taken the Song in what seemed to her the best available translation, omitted some things for reasons of prudence, supplied some things which seemed needed to work out her conception of the meaning of the poem, and put all in the attractive paper and binding now presented to the reader. Her motive, apart from any of personal advantage, has been to stimulate a love for this production and to extend a knowledge of its exquisite merit by putting it, in convenient and attractive form, in the hands of many who may



not read it when bound up with the other books of the Bible.

Miss Stockard is a native of Alamance county, North Carolina, and her academical education was received at Graham, in that county, her excellent instructor being Professor Jerome Stockard, now prominently connected with Peace Institute. She was graduated at Guilford College (where she especially studied Greek, Latin and Mathematics), taking her degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1897. Subsequently, she entered the University of North Carolina and received the same degree from that old seat of learning in 1898. She received from the University the degree of Master of Arts in 1900. Through all this course of education she has sustained herself and thus demonstrated that it is not easy to debar from these advantages the resolute soul determined to attain them.





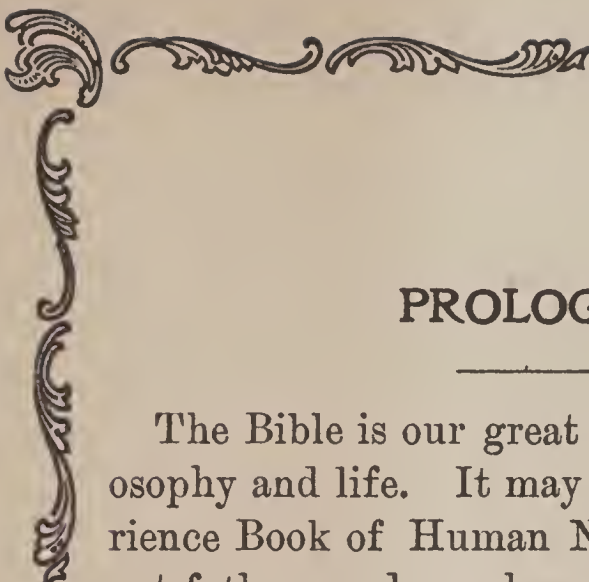
Miss Stockard is but upon the threshold of what her friends confidently anticipate as a successful career in literature. She has written interesting historical sketches of Alamance county and is now engaged in a similar work of Guilford county. Much of what she has written has been published in the "Morning Post," of Raleigh, N. C., and has been received with appreciative commendation. As a woman, a North Carolina woman, a Southern woman, she will receive from all "God-speed" in the work to which she so perseveringly and industriously gives her life.

E. DANIEL.

The Manse,

Raleigh, N. C., March 13, 1901.



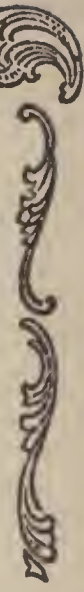
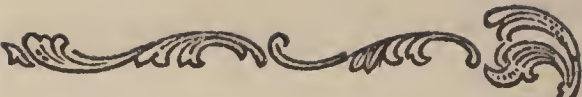


PROLOGUE.

The Bible is our great book of law, philosophy and life. It may be called the Experience Book of Human Nature. For does it not fathom and prophesy the feeling of mankind from its sublimest heights to its deepest, tenderest love, from Moses on Mount Sinai to Mary by the Manger, from the law proclaimed in thunder to the still small voice in a mother's heart when her soul sang the beautiful hymn of the Annunciation.

He hath regarded the low estate
Of His hand maiden ;
For, behold, from henceforth all generations
Shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty
Hath done to me great things ;
And holy is His name.
His mercy is on them that fear Him
From generation to generation.

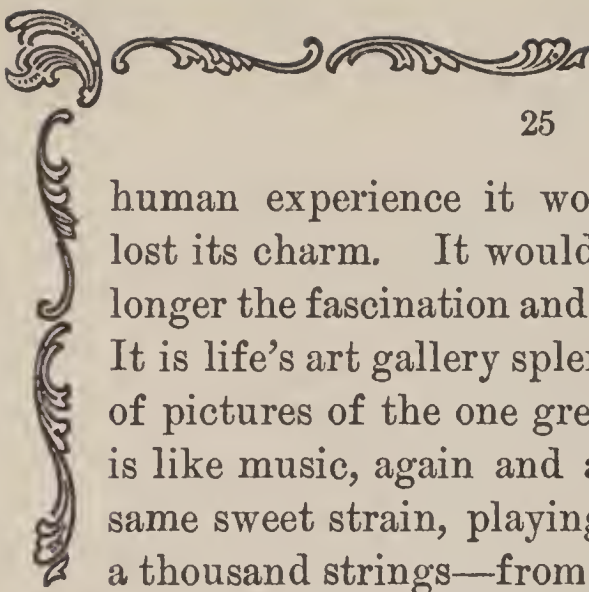


He hath showed strength with His arm ;
He hath scattered the proud
In the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seats,
And exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry
With good things ;
The rich He hath sent
Empty away.
He hath holpen His servant Israel,
In remembrance of His mercy.

So the Bible is the great world book first of all in its delineation and portrayal of human nature and of life with its perplexing problems of the mysterious human heart.

All other things seem to be going through a process of evolution ; change touches all, even the trees of the forest ; things which are so to-day will be something else to-morrow. With the human heart it is not so. Human nature is the same. The linking ages transmit human influence, human feeling which is deeper than all thought. Doubtless had the key note of the Bible been any other than

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human experience it would have long ago lost its charm. It would have had for us no longer the fascination and beauty which it has. It is life's art gallery splendid in its fine array of pictures of the one great subject, Life. It is like music, again and again recurring the same sweet strain, playing upon the harp of a thousand strings—from "In the Beginning God," to the Beloved's experience upon lonely Patmos.

The Bible may be regarded as a history of God's dealings with men, the experience of mankind with the Creator. But who shall say that the dealing of men with each other is a different thing. One embraces all.

" Who gives himself with his gift
Feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor,
And Me."

The Bible portrayal of the finer emotions of man is quite as true to life as the delineation of the mighty men of Israel in law and war and trade. For life is many sided and

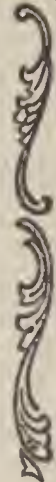


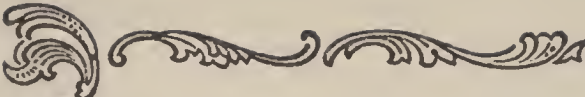
the experience of one person is very full and varied, for the heart and soul are so complex that a man can scarcely find and know himself without a wide experience.

The Book of Ruth is the love story of a widow who won the heart of a King and became the mother of a mighty line of the tribe of Juda, linking the race of Moab with that of Israel and the Redeemer. The Book of Esther gives the experience of a true woman who dared maintain her womanliness.

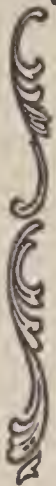
Solomon wrote three important books of the Bible: Proverbs he wrote for the instruction of the youth; Ecclesiastes shows the folly of age, the vanity of vanities of a wasted life; the Song of Songs was written for young people, the story of the unquenchableness of purest human love.

In the Song of Songs the wisest man sang of the one true love among a polygamous people. This is the love poem of the Bible, sacred and excellent enough to occupy a place, its place in the Sacred Scriptures. This is the



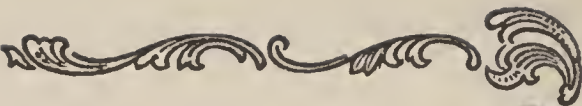


love song of man's innocent infancy, rich with the fragrance of purest affection, be-gemmed with rarest appreciation of nature, luxuriant in warm-hearted and tender desire.



So rare and fine is the sentiment that the church has claimed it as typical of the union between the Lamb and His Bride. But the Song of Songs is not too holy to be the Bible's representative of lawful human love, so powerful and far-reaching in its effects on the race of men and upon the life of civilization and of art.

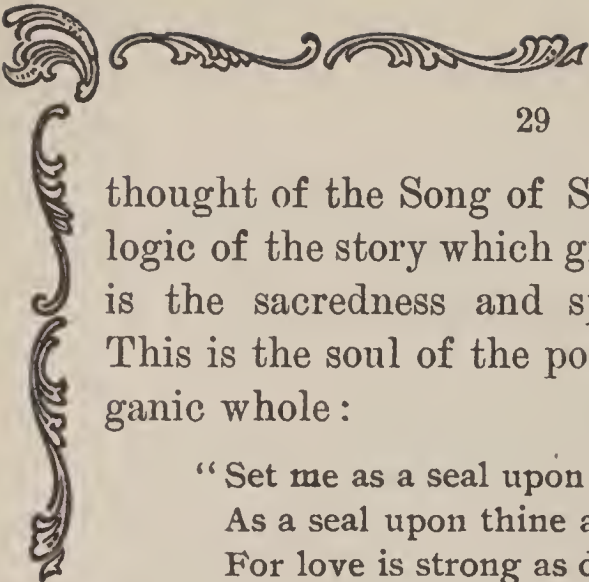
In walking through the autumn fields one finds many flowers rich in hue and rarest color of purple, blue or yellow. They wave their heads in the breeze as if in defiance of all, so free and pure and fair. Pluck one, look at it carefully, pull it apart. You will find it to be a colony of flowers, a cluster on the pedestal of one stout stem, the many in one. How wonderful is nature! This little republic of the gay, fair flowers of the field is like the Songs of Solomon, each is composite.



The Song, in one sense, is a cluster of love songs that used to be sung in Israel at weddings—a hymn book for marriages. It is supposed that the Jews of old regarded the bride and groom as king and queen for the first seven days after marriage; and the Song of Songs was the Epithalamium.

Another view of this Book of the Bible is that it is the song of the one wife, the love of Solomon; and that this is his tribute to his true and lawful wife, his equal in truth—if not in rank—in feminine, womanly graces. Solomon was handsome, strong physically as well as mentally; so gentle and considerate as men of wisdom naturally are; “My sister,” is his gallant manner of addressing her in respect for her as his equal, for her, his modest little country sweetheart, of humble rank, a wood violet.

But Solomon’s life would not admit of this rendition. He was a polygamous king—only the pure in heart shall see God, only the pure in heart can know love, and the central




thought of the Song of Songs, the heart, the logic of the story which gives it life and unity is the sacredness and spontaneity of love. This is the soul of the poem making it an organic whole :

“Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
As a seal upon thine arm :
For love is strong as death,
jealousy cruel as the grave ;
The coals thereof are coals of fire,
With a most vehement flame.

“Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it ;
If a man would give all
The substance of his house for love,
It would utterly be condemned.”

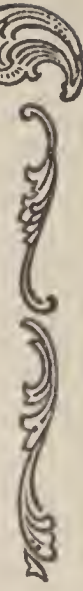
The Song of Songs may be regarded as an idyl, beautiful only for situation simply the land of the lotus eaters where it is always afternoon :

“There is sweet music here
That softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Sweet music here that gentler lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.”



It has many features of the ballad, for instance, it begins in the middle of the story, the maiden has already been stolen away from the garden of nuts.

But it is much more beautiful to take it as a drama in which there is some temptation, some deep soul struggle on the part of the young girl. She has been stolen away from the garden of nuts by the king's horsemen and chariots. The pure heart of Lily of the Valleys withstood the temptations of luxurious royalty. The strongest temptation of all came perhaps from the Court Ladies. Woman knows how to tempt woman. At one time vacillating and receding, at another urgent and unanswerable. Then, too, there comes to all of us a time to choose between God and Mammon, a time to choose between things as reality, the world of ease and luxury, and the way of highest Duty. Suppose the Shulamite had been false to her womanly instinct, what tribute to pure love would the wisest man have given her? It is possible



that without her Solomon could not have written this poem whose theme is :

Love is strong as Death
 Jealousy cruel as the grave
 * * * * * *
 If a man would give all
 The substance of his house for Love,
 It would utterly be denied him.

Who shall define the Song of Solomon? No more can it be described than sweet violets filled with dewy tears, or the rainbow ribbon sometime in summer seen waving in the sky showing new and different beauty to every wandering vision.

The sonnets of this Song of Songs are sung in turn by the lover and his beautiful chosen bride. Sometimes his is a serenade sung beneath her window when all the golden summer air is laden, like honey bees, with sweet perfumes of spices and flowers. The winds are odorous with the breath of myrrh and cedars of Lebanon. The atmosphere is buoyant with all sweets of odors and sounds.

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Lover :

“ Awake, O North Wind ;
And come, thou South ;
Blow upon my garden,
That the spices may flow out.”

Her response :

“ Let my Love come into his garden,
And let him eat his pleasant fruits.”

Lover :

“ Behold, thou art fair, my Love ;
Behold, thou art fair ;
Thou hast doves’ eyes.”

Maiden :

“ Behold, thou art fair, my Beloved,
Yea, pleasant ;
Also our bed is green.
The beams of our house are cedars,
And our rafters are of fir.”

The maiden, in childlike delight, grateful that her beauty pleases the youthful shepherd lad, in free devotion and self-depreciation, sings :

“ I am the rose of Sharon,
The lily of the valleys.”

These were country flowers, like wood violets growing anywhere they could find a little corner to live in ; they were by no means the gorgeous hot house plants. The young Lover replies :

“ As the lily among thorns,
So is my Love among the daughters.”

Maiden :

“ As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my Beloved among the sons.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house,
And his banner over me was Love.”

This is a lyric play in which the scenes change sometime in the middle of a chapter. Her lover is a young shepherd lad among many others, tending his flock. Solomon knew that the rich and mighty could never be sure of their friends.

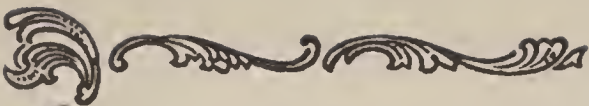
She sings :

“ The voice of my Beloved !
Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains,
Skipping upon the hills.
My Beloved is like a roe or a young hart ;
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
He looketh forth at the windows,
Showing himself through the lattice.
My Beloved speaks and sings to me—


(HIS SONG OF SPRING.)

‘ Rise, my Love, my fair one, and come away,
For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone ;
The flowers appear on the earth ;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
The fig putteth forth her green figs,
The vines with the tender grapes give a good
smell.’ ”

Here his song interrupts her singing from the window through the lattice. Like mocking birds they are responding in love music, for this is spring when fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.



They were married, for pledges were fulfilled—"My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies." It was wedded love which dared to seek him in the crowded city.



The language of feeling is not the language of the reason. The two are different. Reason is logical moving forward a step at a time, calculating, fearing to express too much or too little. Feeling is sure that words can not convey too much. Feeling speaks in hyperbole and metaphor because it has but few words of its own; hence poetry finds its whole dominion in the regions of feeling. Israel was a people of deep feeling.

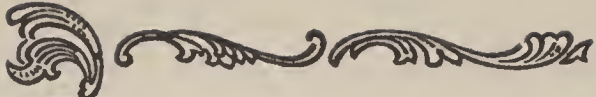
The meditations of the religious Hebrew were all conceived in greatest stress of pain and pleasure. Their serfdom in Egypt, their wanderings in the wilderness, the smitten rock, the River Jordan, the fire by night, the cloud by day, the wonderful men Abraham and Moses had all contributed in making the Hebrew mind reflective and the Hebrew liter-



ature richest of all in lyrics. Soul singing was their nature, either from looking into the heavens by night—those golden nights of the East when the sky pulsates with joy of the stars—or the wonderful doings of their leaders in the daytime. The life of the Hebrews made their thought rich, abstract reason in concrete form, expressing itself sometimes in songs like life manifesting itself in sunny flowers.

Poetry is the glory of language, as music is the glory of mathematics; the perfection of the two in one is oratory. No wonder that poetry and music often blend and flow into each other, since both are emanations from the one divine efflatus. The rhythm and the measure of the one is complementary to the flow of thought with its natural embellishments of rich imagery in the other. The spirit of each is like the breath of life, elusive. Who shall say wherein is the beauty of the Song of Songs, the sweet selections of Israel's wisest ruler.





It is like a bundle of old love letters written all in rhyme, as the Sonnets of the Portuguese.

All great things of earth are gifts to the children of men. The Song of Songs is a gift to us. Each of us may have his own interpretation. It gives itself to all perhaps as a new revelation.

Amor omnia vincit.



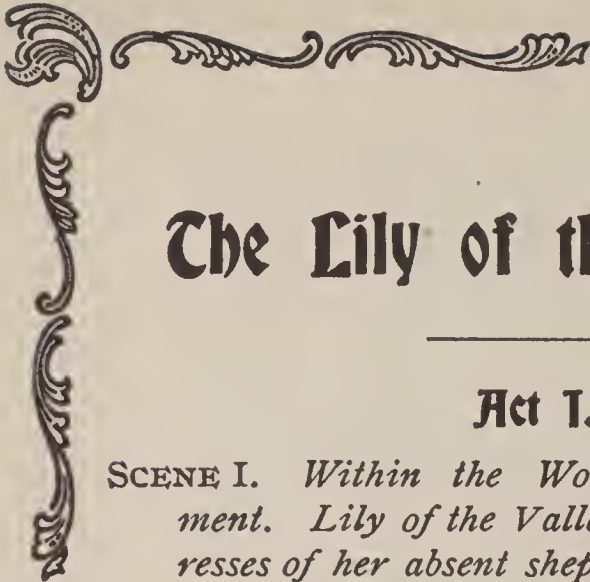




Dramatis Personæ.

KING SOLOMON.....*Royal Suitor.*
THE SHEPHERD LOVER.....*The Beloved.*
CITIZENS.....*Subjects of the King.*
SHEPHERDS.....*Friends of the Beloved.*
LILY OF THE VALLEYS.....*The Bride.*
CHORUS OF COURT LADIES, *Daughters of Jerusalem.*





The Lily of the Valleys.

Act I.

SCENE I. *Within the Women's Royal Apartment. Lily of the Valleys longing for the caresses of her absent shepherd-lover, complaining that she is detained in the royal palace against her will, and inquiring eagerly where he may be found.*

LILY OF THE VALLEYS :

REMEMBER the kisses,
The dear caresses of my Shepherd Lover ;
For love is better than wine.

CHORUS OF COURT LADIES :

Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance ;
Thy name is like perfume poured forth ;
Therefore do the virgins praise thee,
Therefore do the maidens love thee.
Forget thy country Lover
Accept a royal marriage.

LILY :

Draw me : save me ;
Sick am I for home.

CHORUS :

We will run after thee.

LILY :

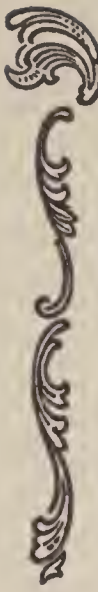
The king hath brought me
Into his chambers.

CHORUS :

We will be glad
And rejoice in thee :
We will make mention of thee :
We will return the favors of thy love
More than of wine
Rightly do we love thee.

LILY :

I am comely, but dark like the early dawn,
Ye Daughters of Jerusalem,
Like the tents of Arabian Kedar
Woven from the shaggy goat :



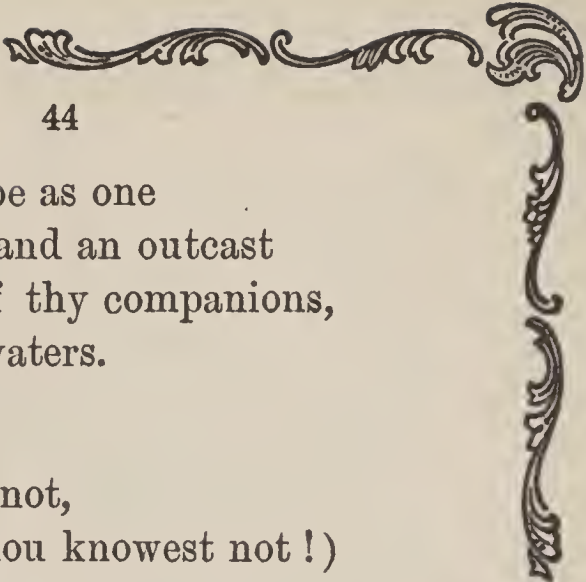
Like the curtains of Solomon,
Or the pomegranate, rough-rind,
But pure within and chaste and fine.

Judge me not in harshness,
Because I am swarthy,
Because the sun hath scorched me.

Approach me not in anger
No longer do I dwell
In the tent of my father.

My mother's sons were incensed against me,
They wrought hardships upon me ;
They made me keeper of the vineyards ;
But mine own vineyard have I not kept.
My dower of beauty is sunburnt,
None cherished my comeliness.
Mine own vineyard have I not kept.

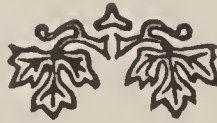
O tell me, Shepherd-Lover,
O thou whom my soul loveth,
Where thou feedest thy flock,
Where thou makest it to rest at noon ?



For why should I be as one
That wandereth and an outcast
Beside the flocks of thy companions,
Beside the still waters.

CHORUS :

If thou know not,
(Forsooth thou knowest not !)
O thou fairest among women,
Go thy way forth
By the footsteps of the flock ;
And feed kids in obscurity
Beside thy wretched shepherd's tent.



SCENE II. *Enter SOLOMON seeking to win her affections. She parries the King's compliments with reminiscences of her absent lover; she applies his language to the Shepherd-lover. She reminds the ladies of the Court that love is an affection which arises spontaneously and entreats them not to excite it artificially in SOLOMON'S favor.*

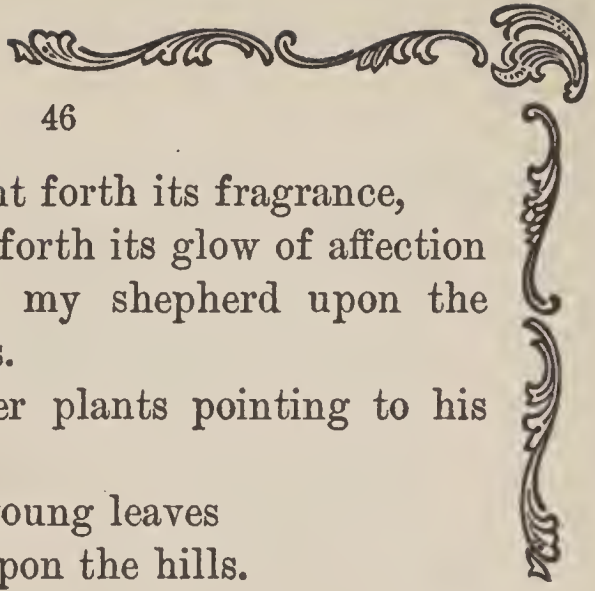
SOLOMON :

Honey-sweet,
I have compared thee, O my friend,
To the steeds of Pharaoh's chariots.
Thy temples are bound with plaits of hair.
Thy neck with comeliness.

We will make thee chains of gold
With jewelled gems of silver.

LILY :

While the king was away
Banqueting with his guest;
My heart was longing for another:
Sweet memories filled me with pure love.



My spikenard sent forth its fragrance,
My heart sent forth its glow of affection
To my Beloved, my shepherd upon the
mountains.

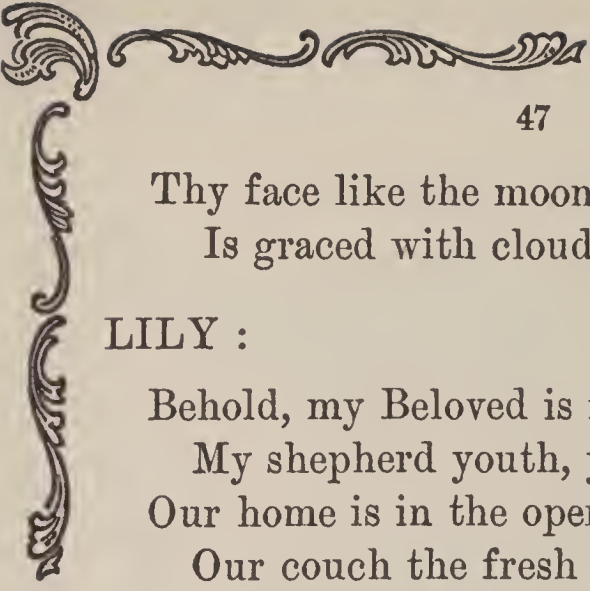
See the slender plants pointing to his
bower
With fingers of young leaves
To his home upon the hills.

My Beloved is unto me
As a bundle of myrrh,
Like a locket of perfume
Lying upon my breast.

My Beloved is unto me
A sweet boquet of henna-flowers,
Wild blooming in the vineyards
Of the vales of Engedi.

SOLOMON :

Behold, thou art fair, my love ;
Behold thou art very fair ;
Thine eyes are as doves eyes,
So pure, so blue and clear.



Thy face like the moon
Is graced with clouds of darkest hair.

LILY :

Behold, my Beloved is fair,
My shepherd youth, yea, pleasant ;
Our home is in the open field ;
Our couch the fresh green grass ;
The beams of our house are cedars
Our rafters are firs.

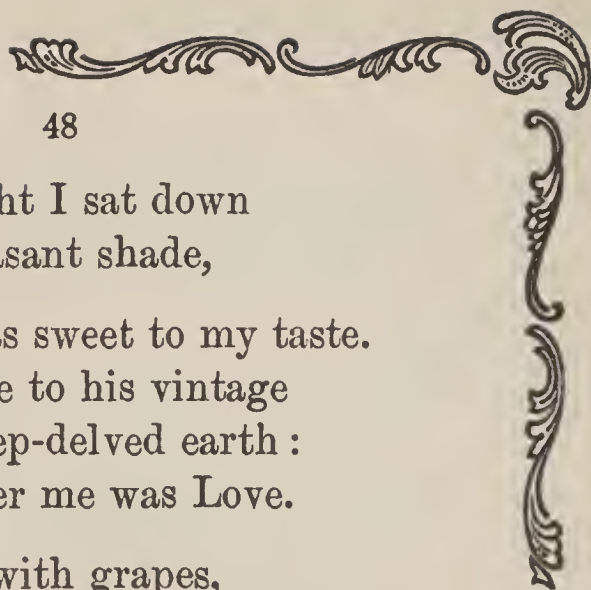
I am a rose of Sharon,
A humble autumn crocus,
A modest violet of the woods,
The Lily-of-the-Valleys.

SOLOMON :

As a Lily among thorns
So is my love among the daughters.

LILY :

As the apple tree among the trees of the
wood
So is my Shepherd-Lover among the sons.



With great delight I sat down
Under his pleasant shade,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to his vintage
Cooled in the deep-delved earth :
His banner over me was Love.

Heal me with grapes,
Bless me with apples
For I am sick of love.

O may his left hand
Be under my head,
May his strong right hand
Caress and embrace me.

I adjure you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem
By the swift gazelles,
And by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up, nor awaken Love
Until Love itself desire,
And grow spontaneously.



Act II.

SCENE I. *A scene of the lovers, LILY at the window, SHEPHERD-LOVER below in the distance. Like mocking birds at nesting time they are singing responsively.*

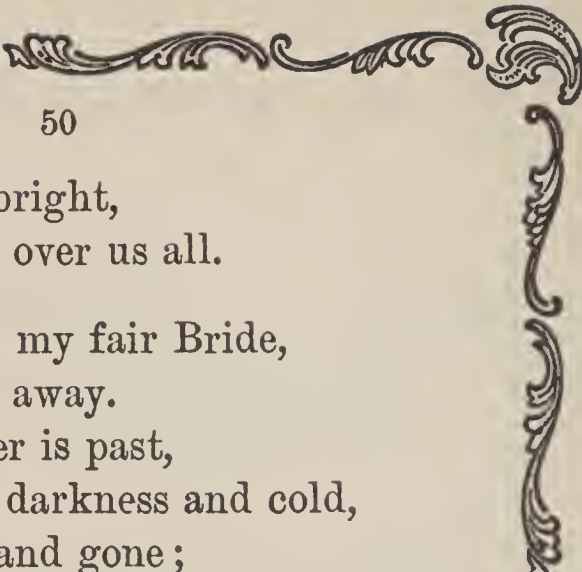
LILY :

THE voice of my Beloved !
Behold, he cometh
Leaping upon the mountains,
Skipping upon the hills.

My Beloved is like a chamois
Or a young hart, fleet of foot.
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
He looketh in at the windows,
He glanceth through the lattice.
Hark, he speaks, he sings to me.

SERENADE :

The spring-time has come, the May is here,
On hill and in vale
All is full of delight.
How sweet is the spring-time,

A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal scrollwork element at the top, which transitions into a vertical scrollwork element on the right side of the page.

How lovely and bright,
Its kingdom is over us all.

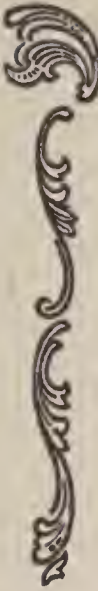
Rise up, my love, my fair Bride,
And let us flee away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The winter of darkness and cold,
The rain is over and gone ;
The flowers appear on the earth ;

The time of the singing of birds is come,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our
land.

The fig-tree ripeneth her green figs,
And the vines are blossoming,
The teeming earth is breathing forth
Incense of spring and blooming fra-
grance.

REFRAIN :

O come, my love,
Arise, arise.
O come, my Bride, and flee away.
For the spring time has come, the May is here,



On hill and in valley all is full of delight.
How sweet is the spring time,
How lovely and bright
Its kingdom is over us all.

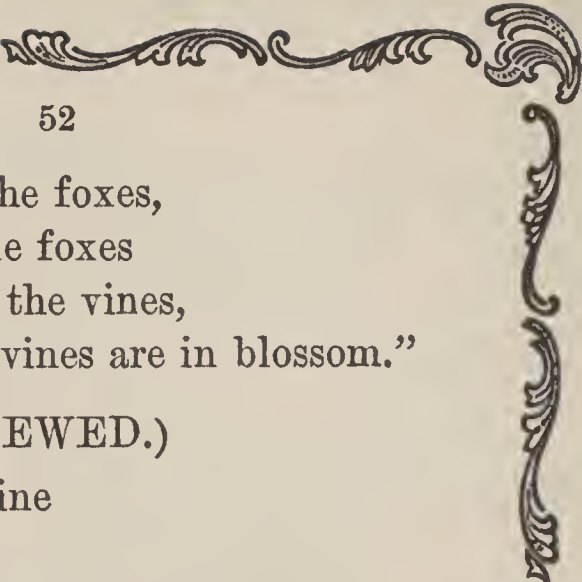
LILY :

O my Beloved, thou art like the faithful
dove,
That dwelleth in the clefts of the rock
In the covert of the steep place,
In the secret corners of the stairs.

Let me see thy countenance,
Let me hear thy voice :
For sweet is thy voice,
And thy countenance is comely.

(A WARNING.)

My mother's sons were incensed against me,
They made me their vine dresser,
Rudely they were wont to call,
Their harsh voices saying,



“ Catch us the foxes,
The little foxes
That spoil the vines,
For our vines are in blossom.”

(PROMISES RENEWED.)

My Beloved is mine
And I am his :
My Shepherd feeds his flock
Among the lilies of the field :
Solomon in his glory
Is not arrayed as these.

Until the dawning breaks
And the darkling shadows fade
Turn, my Beloved,
And be thou like a chamois
Or a young hart
Upon the mountains that divide us.

SCENE II. *The first dream. She had seemed to go in search of her lover. The dream reflects the waking feelings and desires. In the economy of the poem it serves to explain to the chorus the state of the heroine's feelings; her adjuration follows appropriately; let them not seek to stir up an unwilling love.*

LILY :

By night on my bed

I sought him whom my soul loveth :
I sought him, but I found him not.

I said, I will rise now
And go about the city.

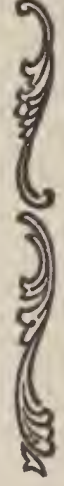
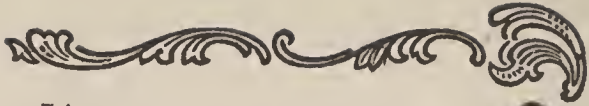
In the streets and in the broadways,
I will seek him whom my soul loveth,
I sought him, but I found him not.

The watchmen that go about the city,
The watchmen found me :

To them I said, "Saw ye him
Whom my soul loveth?"

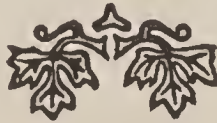
It was but a little

That I had passed from them,



When I found him whom my soul loveth :
I held him and would not let him go,
Until I had brought him
Into my mother's house,
And into the home of her
Who conceived me.

I adjure you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem
By the gazelles and by the hinds of the
field,
That ye stir not up
Nor awaken Love
Till Love itself desire,
And come spontaneously.





Act III.

TEMPTATION.


SCENE I. *Citizens of Jerusalem assembled in front of one of the gates. In the distance the royal equipage is approaching. The intention of the spectacle is to dazzle the country maiden with a sense of the honor awaiting her if she will consent to become the King's bride. In the palaquin is SOLOMON himself, wearing the crown of State which his mother gave him on his wedding day.*

FIRST CITIZEN :

Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, and with all the powders of the merchant?

SECOND CITIZEN :

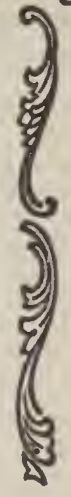
Behold, it is the litter of Solomon ; three score mighty men are about it of the mighty men of Israel. They all handle the sword and are expert in war : every man hath his



sword upon his thigh, because of his fear in the night.

THIRD CITIZEN :

King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with affection for the Daughters of Jerusalem. Go forth, O ye Daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.



SCENE II. *A King's Wooing.*

SOLOMON :

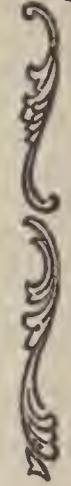
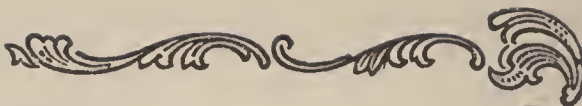
Behold, thou art fair, my love,
Behold, thou art very fair ;

Thine eyes are as dove's eyes
Behind thy veil.

Thy hair in glossy wavelets
Is like a flock of goats
That sleep along the slopes of Gilead.

Thy teeth are like a flock of ewes
That are newly shorn,
Which are come up white from the washing;
Whereof every one hath twins,
And none is bereaved among them.

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet
And thy mouth is comely :
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate
Beneath thy beautiful hair.
Thy face is like a lily
Bathed in dewy tears.



Thy neck is like the tower of David
 Builded with turrets embossed,
Thy golden necklace of shield-shaped gems
 Like a thousand bucklers pendant,
David's shields of mighty men.

Thy bosom white as the hawthorn buds
 Thy throat like twin gazelles
With rose-leaves lips of red
 Feeding among lilies.

When the day breezes
 And the darkling shadows fade,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh,
 To the hill of frankincense.

Thou art beautiful, my love,
There is no blemish in thee.

No response.



SCENE III. *A True Love Wooing.*

SHEPHERD LOVER.

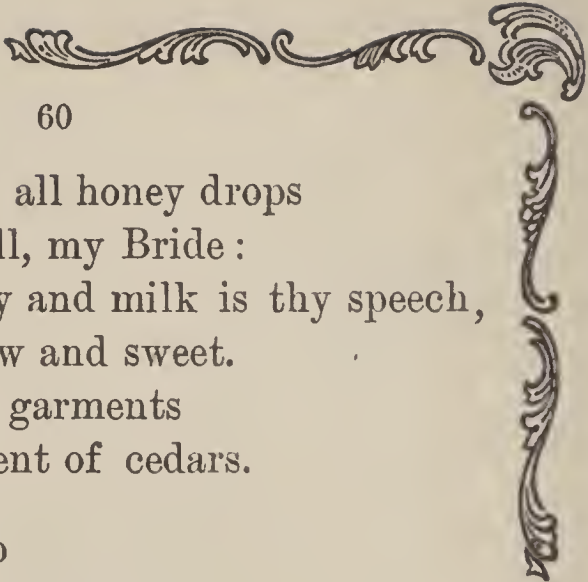
Come with me to Lebanon,
With me to Lebanon :
Look from the head of Amana,
From the top of Senir and Hermon,
Come from that Lion's-Den,
From that Panther-Mountain.

Thou hast ravaged my heart,
My equal, my Bride.

Thou hast ravaged my heart
With one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.

All thy soul is sparkling
In thy azure-deep eyes,
Graceful smiles are playing around
The luster of thy lips.

How sweet is thy love,
My sister, my Bride,
How much better is thy love than wine,
And the fragrance of thy presence
Beyond all sweet delights.



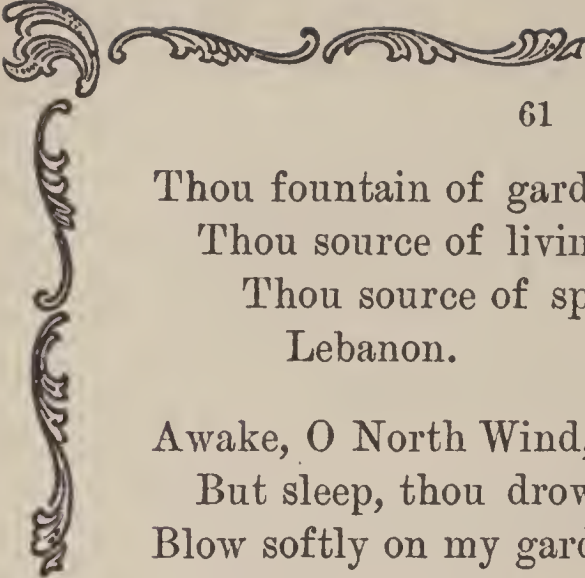
Sweetness beyond all honey drops
Thy lips let fall, my Bride :
Better than honey and milk is thy speech,
Thy voice is low and sweet.
The scent of thy garments
Is the sweet scent of cedars.

A garden shut up
Is my sister, my Bride,
A woman imprisoned, a spring closely
locked,
A fountain sealed.

Thy virtues are plants of Paradise,
An orchard of pomegranates,
With delicious fruits ;

Spikenard and saffron,
Calamus and cinnamon.
With all the trees of frankincense.

Myrrh and aloes,
Balsam and henna
With all the chief spices :



Thou fountain of gardens,
Thou source of living waters,
Thou source of springs, of springs of
Lebanon.

Awake, O North Wind, awake!
But sleep, thou drowsy South;
Blow softly on my garden
Waft me Love's fragrances.

O winds, scented with sandals
Breathing love from thy regions
Be kind for a moment
Waft me Love's fragrances.


Responsive.

LILY :

O my Beloved may come into his garden,
And eat his pleasant fruits.

SHEPHERD :

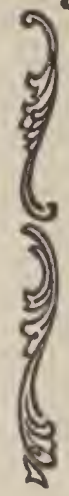
I will come into my garden
My sister, my Bride,



I will gather my myrrh with my spice,
I will eat my honey comb with my honey,
I will drink my wine with my milk.

CHORUS OF COURT LADIES :

Eat, O friends,
Drink, yes drink abundantly of love.



SCENE IV. *Dream of love forsaken. Psychic phenomenon; dream reflects the waking emotions. The Bride tells her second dream to the Chorus of Court Ladies. Temptation; royal suitor still unfortunate.*

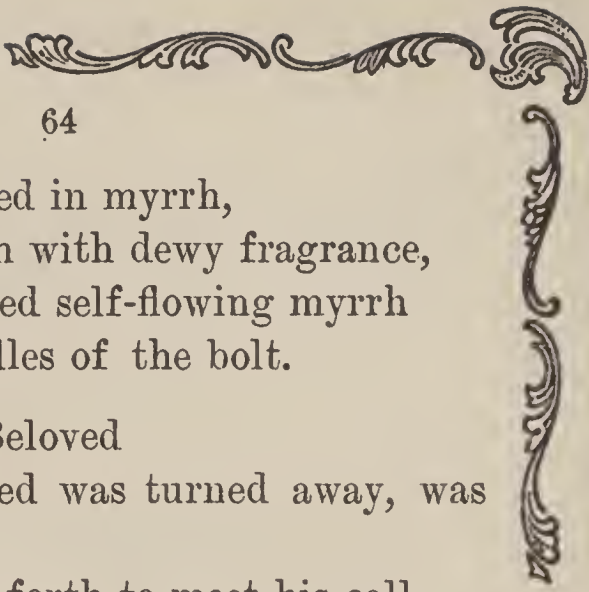
LILY :

I was asleep, but my heart waked :
It is the voice of my Beloved
That knocketh saying,

“Open to me,
My sister, my love,
My dove, my undefiled ;
For my head is filled with dew
My locks with drops of the night.”

I have put off my robe ;
How shall I put it on ?
I have washed my feet ;
How shall I defile them ?

My Beloved put his hand
To open the door by the lock ;
My heart within me throbbed for him,
I rose up to open to my Beloved ;



My hands I dipped in myrrh,
Perfumed them with dewy fragrance,
My fingers dropped self-flowing myrrh
Upon the handles of the bolt.

I opened to my Beloved
But my Beloved was turned away, was
gone ;
My heart sprung forth to meet his call,
My soul had failed me when he spake.

I sought him, but I could not find him ;
I called him but he gave no answer.
The watchmen that go about the city
Found me ;
They smote me, they abused me ;
The keepers of the wall
Took away my veil.

I adjure you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem,
If ye find my Beloved,
What will ye tell him ?
—That sick of love am I.



ACT IV.


SCENE I. *Ladies of the Court and Lily of the Valleys. The Ladies in surprise at her persistent rejection of the King's advances, and her devotion to one absent. Her enraptured description of her lover.*

COURT LADIES :

What is thy Beloved
More than another Beloved,
O thou fairest among women ?
What is thy Beloved
More than another Beloved
That thou dost so adjure us ?

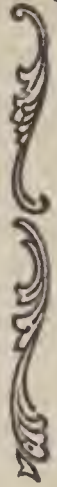
LILY :

My Beloved is white and rudy,
Brightest and best of ten thousand.
His head is as the finest gold,
Jewels from Ophir cannot equal it,
Excellent in perception,
Strong as the mightiest,
The equal of any,
The best of all.



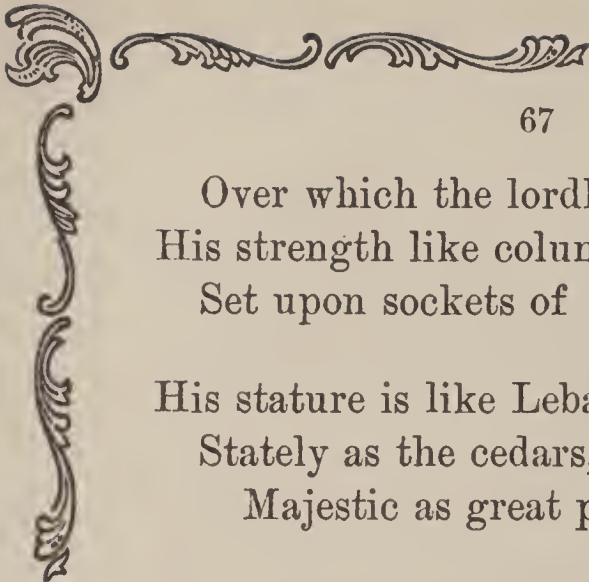
His hyacinthian hair waves down
In pendant curls, bushy and black as a
raven.

His eyes are like doves
Darting on the surface of foaming cas-
cades ;
Like deep blue doves flitting on a shivering
lake,
Sporting on the bosom of a white pool,
Or sitting by its placid streams.



His cheeks like cherries kissed with dew,
His temples like beds of spices, banks of
sweets,
His lips like lilies dropping myrrh ;
Beautiful is his speech,
His voice is a clarion,
Whose pleasant sounding fills the air ;
His gentleness hath made me happy.

His hands are rings of gold,
His slender fingers better than emerald,
His body is pure as bright ivory



Over which the lordly sapphires play,
His strength like columns of marble,
Set upon sockets of finest gold.

His stature is like Lebanon,
Stately as the cedars,
Majestic as great pines.

His address is sweetness,
His speech is gentleness,
He is loveliness.

'This is my Beloved,
This is my best friend,
O Daughters of Jerusalem.

LADIES :

Whither is thy Beloved gone,
O most elegant of women?
Whither hath thy Beloved turned him,
That we may bring him to rejoin thee?

LILY :

My Beloved is gone down to his garden,
To his beds of fragrant plants,
To feed in gardens, to gather lilies.

I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine,
In pastures green his milk white flock
Are feeding among lilies.



SECOND ROYAL WOOING.

SCENE II. *The King enters and renews his endeavor to win her affection by praise of her beauty, and the description of the honor awaiting her. His memory passes back to the occasion of their first meeting in the garden of nuts; when Lily was stolen a captive.*

SOLOMON :

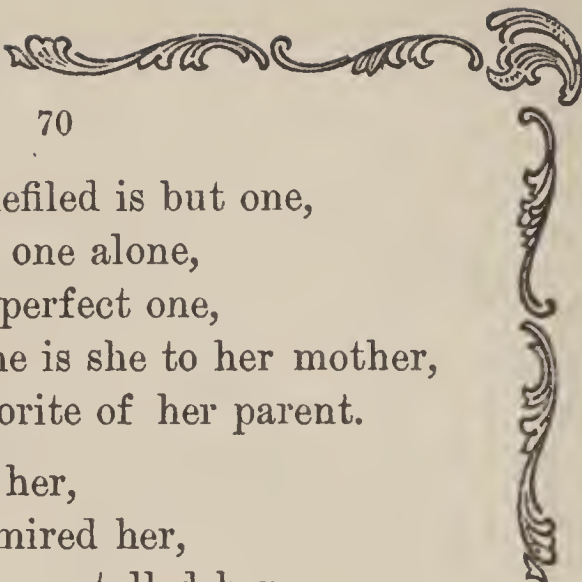
Thou art beautiful, O my friend, as Tirzah,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Dazzling as a flaming-bannered host.

Turn away thine eyes from me,
Glance from off my station,
Thy eyes have overcome me.

Thy hair is as a flock of goats
Sleeping along the slopes of smiling
Gilead.

Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep
Coming up clean from the washing ;
Whereof every one hath twins
And none is bereaved among them.

Like a piece of pomegranate
Is thy beautiful brow behind thy veil.



My dove, my undefiled is but one,
She is the very one alone,
To me she is my perfect one,
The spotless one is she to her mother,
The faultless favorite of her parent.

The damsels saw her,
The queens admired her,
And all the women extolled her,
Saying, "Who is this, advancing
In brightness like the daybreak,
Beautiful as the dawning,
Clearly radiant as the sunshine
Dazzling as a shooting star,
As streaming flames in the heavens.

Who is she that looketh
Rosy as the morning,
Fair as the moon,
Clear as the sun,
Terrible as an army with banners.

LILY :

I went down into the garden of nuts,
To inspect the fruits by the brook side,

To see the green plants of the valley,
Whether the grapes were setting,
Whether the pomegranates were in flower ;

Suddenly before I was aware,
My soul set still,
Fear chilled my heart,
I was among the chariots of a host,
Among chariots and horsemen of the
King :

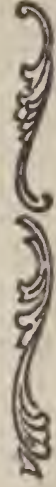
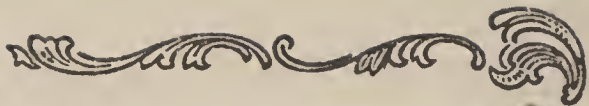
“ Turn back, turn back, O Shulammitte ;
Turn back, turn back, that we may look
upon thee.”

“ What would you see in the Shulammitte ? ”
“ The dance of Mahanaim.”

SCENE III. *Solomon making a final endeavor to
gain the Shulammitte's heart by praising her
charms in more effusive language than before.*

SOLOMON :

How beautiful are thy steps,
How graceful thy movements

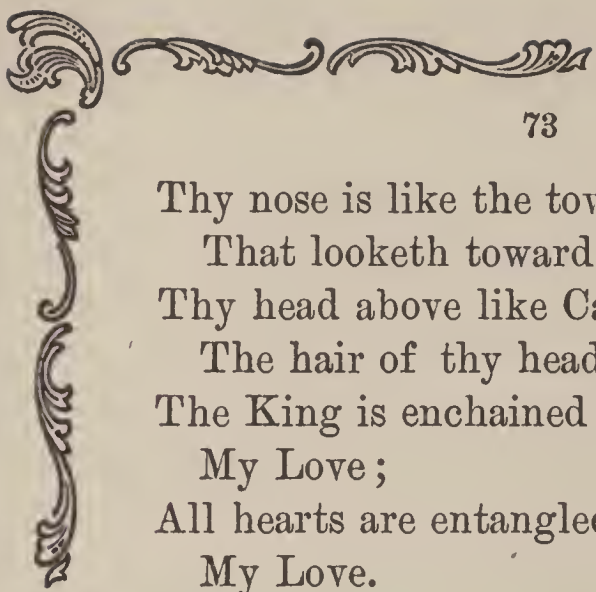


O daughter worthy of a prince.
The hem of thy mantle like jewels,
The work of the hands of a cunning work-
man.

Thy girdle-clasp is a golden zone,
Charming more than mingled wine,
Thy bodice is a sheaf of wheat
Bound about with dewy lilies.
Thy throat is like twin antelopes
Feeding among lilies.

Thy neck is like an ivory tower,
Thy eyes are dark and clear,
Deep and peaceful like the fish-pools of
Heshbon,
Bright eyes playing like water-birds
With blue plumage sporting near.
A full blown lily on a lake,
Whitened o'er with curling foam.

O let affliction cease,
Let ecstasy drown
The remembrance of sorrow.

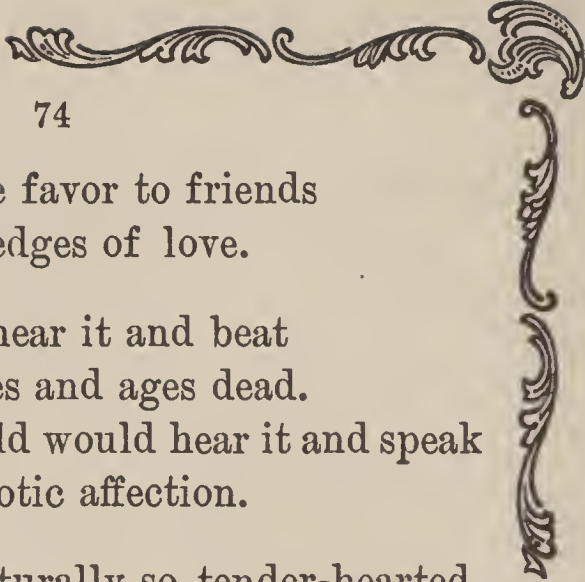
A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal scrollwork element at the top and a vertical scrollwork element on the left side, both with intricate, symmetrical patterns.

Thy nose is like the tower of Lebanon,
That looketh toward Damascus :
Thy head above like Carmel shows,
The hair of thy head like purple glows,
The King is enchained in its ringlets
My Love ;
All hearts are entangled by its tresses
My Love.

Thy head with ringlets sunning o'er,
The hair of thy head so glossy and rich,
A King is held captive in its strands,
Little one.
A King within its locks enchained.

Like thee I saw of late
A young palm-tree growing up
Around its boughs the graceful vine
In all its grapes and foliage shine,
Fragrant and lustrous.

Thy voice is low and sweet,
Thy tone as clear and pure as a bell.
Thy address is like the exquisite wine,



Going as a love favor to friends
To consummate pledges of love.

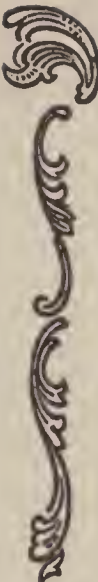
My heart would hear it and beat
Were it for ages and ages dead.
The lips of the old would hear it and speak
In terms of exotic affection.

O my darling, naturally so tender-hearted,
Quit thy causeless indignation.
At this moment the flame of desire con-
sumes my heart,
O grant me a draught of honey from
The lotus of thy lips.

Or if thou beest inexorable,
Grant me death from the arrows of thy
eyes.

Make thy arms my chains ;
Punish me according to thy pleasure.

Thou art my life, my adornment ;
Thou art a pearl in the ocean of my im-
mortal birth :



O be favorable now,
And my heart shall be eternally grateful.

Thy silence afflicts me :
O speak with the voice of music,
Let thy kind accents allay my ardour,
Whisper soft and sweet.

Abandon thy wrath :
But abandon not a lover,
Who surpasses in beauty the Sons of men,
And who kneels before thee,
O thou most beautiful of women.

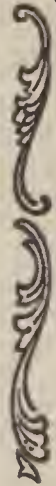
Thy lips are a lovely flower,
The luster of the morning beams upon
thy cheek,

Thy eyes outshine the lotus.
The Jessamine blossom yields to thee,
Thou Lily of the Valleys.

So the flowery-shafted passion
Borrows from thee the points of its darts,
And subdues all things.



Surely thou art come from heaven,
O slender, graceful maiden,
Attended by coveys of angels;
All their beauties blend in thee.



SCENE IV. *Lily heedless of the King's admiration, declaring her unswerving devotion to her shepherd-lover, and her longing to be with him again in the open fields. The refrain is her final repulse of the King.*

LILY :

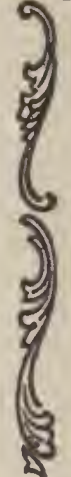
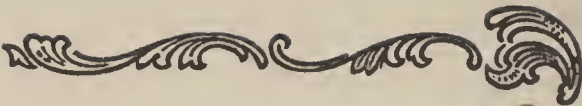
I am my Beloved's,
His desires are towards me ;
My dependence is upon him.

Come, my Beloved,
Take me to our open fields,
My heart is sick for home.

Let us go forth into the open field ;
Let us lodge by the way in villages.
Let us go up early in the vineyards,
Whether the vines be blooming
Whether the smaller grape protrude,
Whether the pomegranates be in flower :
And the mandrakes diffuse fragrance.

There will I give thee, O Beloved,
There will I give thee perfect love,
Then will we consummate pledges of love.

L. of 3.

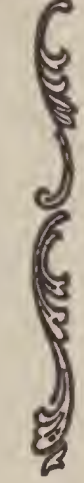
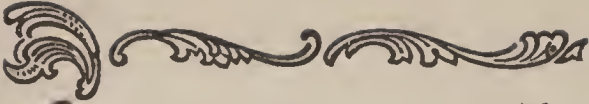


Over our doors are delicious fruits,
The new and old ones too, my Love
Have I laid up for thee.

O wert than my brother,
The Son of my mother,
Then should I find thee in the street
I would kiss thee,
Yes, and no one would condemn me :
I would embrace thee and bring thee
To the home of my mother !
And none would despise me.

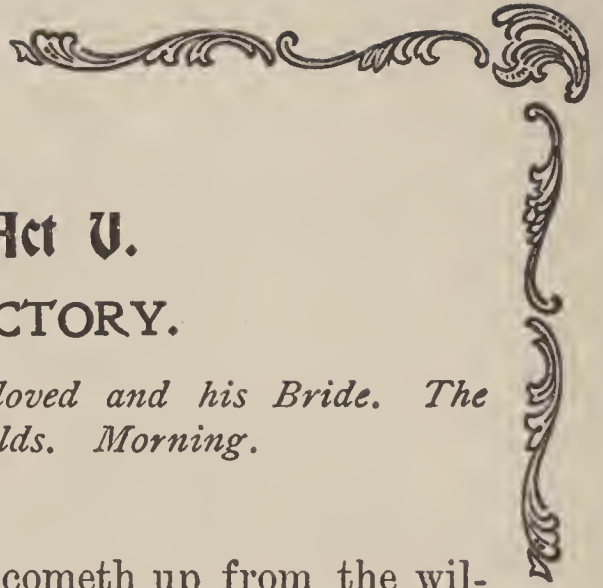
I would give my Beloved sweet wine,
Wine I have made from wild flowers
Flavored with the fragrant pomegranate,
And cooled in the deep delved earth.

The pines uphold our rafters
The welkin is our roof-tree.
O may his left hand be under my head
And his right hand embrace me.



I charge you,
O ye Daughters of Jerusalem,
By the startling antelopes,
By the timid fawns,
That ye stir not up
Nor awaken Love
Till Love itself desire,
And come spontaneously.





Act V.
VICTORY.

*Shepherds. The Beloved and his Bride. The
open fields. Morning.*

SHEPHERDS :

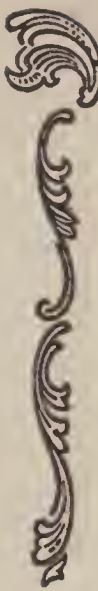
Who is this that cometh up from the wil-
derness leaning upon the arm of her Beloved ?

THE BELOVED :

Under this apple tree
I awakened thee,
Under this apple tree
I courted thee,
Overcame thy bashfulness.

Here thy mother betrothed thee to me,
Gave thee to my keeping,
Here thy parent solemnly gave thee to me.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
As a seal upon thine arm :
For Love is strong as Death
Jealously cruel as the Grave :



The flames thereof are flames of fire,
A lightening flash
From the Eternal.


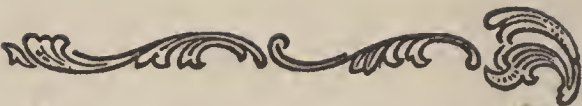
Many waters cannot quench Love,
Neither can flood drown it;
If a man should give all
The substance of his house for Love
It would utterly be condemned.

LILY :

O sweet the balmy days of spring,
The blushing roses that they bring,
But sweeter far is Love.

SHEPHERDS :

Ruddier than the cherry,
Sweeter than the berry,
O Bride more bright
Than moonshine night,
O maiden blithe and merry,
Listening in the orchards
The companions await thy voice,
Let us hear thy lovely notes
Sing us a merry measure.



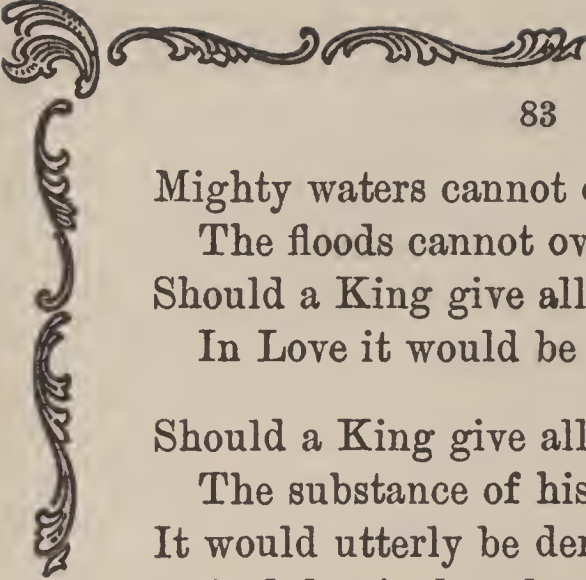
O thou dove nestling in the gardens
We await thy mellow voice,
Nightingales have sung to thee,
Chant us thy happy measure.

CHORUS :

Singing in the distance :

The clouds were reft away
That were heavy on the May,
The flowers bloometh fair,
The meadow groweth green.
Blest in joy and sorrow,
Let only Love remain.
They embrace, no more to part,
While we sing from every heart
A blessing on the Bridal !
A blessing on the Queen !

Wear me as a signet on thy heart,
As a signet on thine arm,
For strong as Death is Love,
Its passion relentless as the Grave :
Its shaft of fire, a lightning flash
A very flame from Jhv̄h.



Mighty waters cannot quench it,
The floods cannot overwhelm,
Should a King give all his wealth,
In Love it would be utterly condemned.

Should a King give all
The substance of his house for Love
It would utterly be denied him
And despised as despicable.

THE BELOVED :

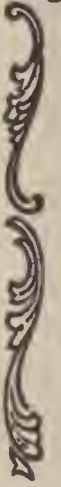
Arise, arise, my friend,
My fair Bride, my beautiful one,
Arise, arise and come away.

LILY :

Fly to me, my Beloved,
Fly to me swiftly, Beloved.
Until the morning breathe,
And the glimmering shadows fade,
Be like the roe or young hart
Upon the mountains of spices.



I adjure you
O ye Daughters of Jerusalem
That ye stir not up nor awaken Love,
Till Love itself desire,
And come spontaneously.



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